The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVII *November* 20, 1942 NUMBER 5

THE WEEK		107
LECTURE NOTES	*Didymus*	108
SPRING VICTORY	*Jesse Stuart*	111
CHILDREN'S BOOKS 1942	*Harry Lorin Binsse*	116
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Michael Williams*	120
THE SCREEN	*Philip T. Hartung*	121
BOOKS OF THE WEEK		123
Action Against the Enemy's Mind—Briefer		
THE INNER FORUM		125

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*
Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York
Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*; C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor*; JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

The US Takes the Offensive

AMERICANS the country over experienced a lift on hearing the news of the successful beginning of our far-flung North African campaign. After months of bewildered waiting following major defeats in the Pacific, after anxious inquiry why so many of our troops were apparently immobilized in England and North Ireland, and many other unanswered doubts, it is at last becoming clear that the leaders of our armed forces, in conjunction with our allies, have been working on a highly comprehensive plan. So far our troops have not encountered major opposition, but the precision with which so many landings were carried out, together with the initial American successes, augurs well. After eleven months of defeats, delaying actions and unheralded preparation, the American armed forces are now taking the offensive.

It is only fitting to give due credit to certain factors that made this possible. Not only to the Russians who have for months kept the major portion of the German forces engaged in Eastern Europe and depleted their manpower and matériel, but also to the British. For a full year after Dunkirk the British stood alone in opposition to the nazi might. The victory of the heavily outmanned RAF in October, 1940, marked a turning of the tide. All this gave us time to prepare—to train our armed forces, build up our war industries and make ready to confront the Axis on more than equal terms. And when our first big offensive got under way, it was sparked by the British Eighth Army's perfectly timed break through the Afrika Korps and supported by their Navy in the Mediterranean. Much of the training of our North African forces took place in the British Isles. Britain and Russia, then, made our first offensive possible. As we go to press the extent of its success has not been determined. We are still far from the heart of our opposition, but we have made a start.

Is it too much to hope that joint success on the field of battle may not lead to greater harmony on the objectives we are fighting for? As late as November 10, Mr. Churchill stated in a tone of triumph—however vaguely—"I have not become the King's Prime Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. For that task, if ever it were prescribed, someone else would have to be found and under a democracy I suppose the nation would have to be consulted." Joseph Stalin wants the Baltic countries, and it is not known how much additional of Russia's borderlands. If an effective political offensive is to hasten our victories in the field, we must have something more to offer than lack of new territorial ambitions. That has been said before. If we are to enlist the active collaboration of the conquered peoples of Europe and the vast numbers of colonial and other peoples in Africa, Asia and the Indies, we must have a more positive and substantial program to offer them. And only then will it be possible to avoid an attempt to return to the *status quo* and a peace that is only a truce between increasingly devastating wars.

The Manpower Question

ALL EVIDENCE points to the need for vast reserves of labor power by the end of 1943. In fact the task of equipping and keeping supplied millions of our men overseas is so tremendous that several observers agree with the current Brookings report that it would be more effective to send a smaller expeditionary force and concentrate on the manufacture and shipping of supplies to the sizable armies of our allies now in the field. They point to the Russians and the Chinese, not to mention General Giraud's forces in North Africa. Some idea of our manpower needs may be gleaned from the Brookings estimate that the work week must be increased from an average of 42.5 hours to 48 hours, 6,400,000 new workers—including 60 percent of the non-farm women without small children and under 45—must be added, and even then goods and services for private use have to be curtailed by a third.

Mr. Roosevelt declares that the work week is already between 46 and 47 hours and warns against hours that are too long to be efficient. The Brookings report claims that women are working 55 hours per week and men 60 hours in Britain without detriment to their health and with steady maximum production. And some Congressional reactionaries are calling for the repeal of the Wagner Act and other New Deal social legislation on the grounds of the Republican gains at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the polls and the demands on national production. The 40-hour week, of course, merely limits the hours of work at regular pay, and in wartime, particularly, serves more as a wage than as an hour regulation. There must be sufficient data now available to determine how long a man or woman can work per week in specific industries without impairment of health. Lengthening the work week in some intelligent fashion for the duration would seem to be one sound means of stepping up production.

The hiring of able-bodied women without young children would seem to offer another possibility, although it must be remembered that older children are in great need of parental supervision. Current reports of social workers on juvenile delinquency due to mothers working are highly disquieting. One of the worst impediments to increasing our labor supply is the discrimination practiced against the Negro. Here are millions of potential war workers, many of them skilled. The hiring of 14 to 19 year old children should be undertaken with the greatest precaution and only for work for which they are specially suited. Their working conditions should be most carefully prescribed.

Finally it is suggested from several quarters that no more enlistments be permitted. This implies that Army and Navy would recruit only through Selective Service. It further suggests some sort of overall manpower authority which would advise where a man could best serve his country—in the armed forces, in the factory, in civilian enterprise necessary for the maintenance of at least a skeleton of normal life, or in the fields. Even the sum of these suggestions would hardly seem sufficient. To have these vast occupational changes carried out with a maximum of fairness and efficiency calls for a National War Service Act. It may not be necessary right now, but it appears inevitable.

Good and Faithful

SENATOR GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS was defeated in the elections this November. He is 81 years old. At such an age and with his record he should have been allowed to die in harness, as he evidently wished. "Why should people be so mad at me?" It is not that they are mad, Mr. Senator, but something far worse—they are ungrateful. With the liberty allowed only to old age, Mr. Norris has expressed the feeling of despair which such a repudiation must arouse in any good heart, but which a younger man dare not speak. He hopes that his philosophy of government will "rise again after I am gone and forgotten. I have faith it will. It is true—it is eternal. I wouldn't stay in office one moment if I had to vary my philosophy or if I had to practice any deception. I have lived according to my philosophy of government and now I am passing out of the political picture with that flag of that philosophy trailing in defeat." . . . "I have done my best to repudiate wrong and evil in government affairs. But I have to admit I have utterly failed. The most important thing from my viewpoint is that righteousness has been crucified and the people I love have condemned the things I held most sacred. As far as I am concerned, the people have exercised a privilege which all citizens in a free democracy have a right to exercise. I accept the result as the final verdict of those people for whom I have worked for forty years and who have heretofore been so appreciative of my labors. Although it is sad—bitterly sad—for me, yet I believe I was right. It will always be a source of gratification and pride that I made an honorable and honest fight and that I went down to defeat for reasons that even my enemies cannot explain."

EDITOR'S NOTE. *By an oversight we failed to state that "France of the Armistice" in our November 13 issue represented the substance of a lecture delivered before the Institute of Sociology of the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes, under the direction of Professor Georges Gurvitch.*

Lecture Notes

CHARACTERISTICS of the Naïve Hero. He is responsible neither for his successes nor his failures. When Odysseus succeeds, he has Pallas Athene to thank; when he fails, he has Poseidon to blame. Though the hero's *areté* is inborn not acquired, the proof that he possesses it is objective and social; an heroic act is one which brings benefit or prestige to the community of which the hero is a member. In appearance he is free to decide to be brave, to die in the narrow place, fighting against hopeless odds, but this freedom is an illusion; his decision is a foregone conclusion since, had he decided to run away, he would would not have been a hero, and would therefore never have become an epic subject.

* * *

Characteristics of the Tragic Hero. His sin and his *areté* are inseparable from each other, and in the case of both, the judge is the community. He can sin, therefore, without knowing it. When Oedipus slays the old man on the road, he feels no guilt, nor is he expected to feel any; he only becomes a criminal when it turns out that the old man was his father. He performs the socially beneficial acts of solving the riddle of the Sphinx, marrying Jocasta and settling down to govern Thebes. There is nothing in his marriage as a marriage, nor in his political conduct, to give him or others any uneasiness; it is only when he discovers that his wife is his mother, that he feels

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guilt for the first time. Nemesis, like nazi justice, is retroactive and accepts no plea of ignorance.

If the hero does feel guilt during the commission of the act, he could not have retained a good conscience simply by refraining from acting. If he has to choose, then his choice is always between two alternatives which are both equally bad. Agamemnon must either sacrifice Iphigenia or betray the Greek army; Antigone must be disloyal, either to her brother, or to the state.

* * *

The Naïve Hero cannot sin or feel guilty. The Tragic Hero must sin and feel guilty. Neither, that is, suffers temptation; neither has an inner life.

* * *

When the Ethical Religion throws the Esthetic gods who were created out of the world, and their passionate dolls, the Esthetic heroes, through the window, and sets up as the true reality an Eternal First Cause without parts or passions, it has to account for the existence of the world of time and matter. It cannot say God created the world, for then God would not be objectively manifest: it has to presuppose God on the one hand and "a heap of jarring atoms" on the other, who catch sight of each other. Then either God out of curiosity or pity arranges these finite temporal things into an order which they do not deserve and do not like very much, or they have the good sense to imitate his rationality in the only way, poor things, that they can, and even then not very well, by regular movements. Instead of a lot of gods who embraced you one moment and boxed your ears the next, it offers one God who is a perfect gentleman, but perfectly indifferent to what becomes of you.

* * *

Just as the Esthetic cannot conceive of Fate in its own terms, the Ethical cannot conceive of Will. Will.

Its assumption, "to know the good is to will it," has no answer to the question: "Yes, but first of all one must will to know the good, and it seems only too clear that the majority of mankind lack that will."

The Eros of Plato is an esthetic myth, for, ethically, to need passion to become passionless is absurd, just as his division of souls into a hierarchy of classes is the old heroic *areté* in disguise.

* * *

Plato's attack on Poetry as an immoral lie, and his justification of the noble one, indicate that, though the Esthetic Religion approves of art, while the Ethical Religion disapproves of it, both agree as to its nature and the function of the artist. Both regard Art as a magic for arousing proper emotions. Since the latter cannot really think of any emotions as proper, it would prefer to dispense with art altogether, but realizing that the masses are too brutish to be capable of an ethical religion and must have an esthetic one, it is forced to allow art, subject of course to its control.

* * *

Formerly it was the Audience who judged the work of art, their test being: "Does it induce in us the feelings we want to feel?"

Now the judge is to be the Censor's Office, its test: "Will it induce in the masses the feelings which they ought to feel?"

* * *

Formerly the artist created the Hero for the satisfaction of the chorus. Now he is to become the agent of the Hero, and keep the chorus in order. (Otherwise they might want something silly like the Hero's death.)

He is to have the consciously political function of making good government popular, necessary power legitimate power.

* * *

If one accepts the view that the purpose of Art is to arouse or communicate emotions, then Tolstoy's argument in "What Is Art" is irrefutable. Any chromolithograph depicting an act of Christian charity is superior to "War and Peace" or "Macbeth." Such a theory however is pagan, not Christian. Just as love is redeemed by being redefined as *agape* instead of *eros*, so art is redeemed when its function is redefined as, not the expression or communication of emotion, but the becoming conscious of emotion.

* * *

By such a definition, a poet, for example, whether lyric or dramatic, is not trying to feel something that he would like or thinks he ought to feel, but to find out what his feelings really are, and, of course, most of these will be neither pleasant nor good. He sings alone before God, but he may be overheard by other men and what they hear may cause them, one by one, to undergo a similar process of discovery. If the result is to make them feel in unity with each other, it is not because they are all filled with the same emotion, but because they share the same knowledge of weakness, and dare not therefore judge each other.

* * *

Art cannot make a man want to become good, but it can prevent him from imagining that he already is; it cannot give him faith in God, but it can show him his despair. DIDYMUS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Armistice End

IT WAS useless to pretend that defeat did not mean defeat. It was useless to think that when you were defeated you could go out of the war into a closed dream world in which you could plan to rebuild a fallen nation as though it had fallen out of the world. The world was too much with the French for anything like that to be possible. France could not live in a state of suspended animation. France could not live outside the world or outside the war. War's rumor broke the silence of the dream; everything that was alive called on the French to live. The forces we call evil called on the French to turn to them for their strength: the German power tempted France to accept the German order—one can live also in despair. But Great Britain held, Russia held, America entered the war and there was a living hope in the world. It was a hope dear to the hearts of the French but at first it was carried in the hands of people who were far away. Yet because the French had held it once themselves and because they had held it so long themselves, and had known it so well themselves, they could recognize it even from afar. It was like something they had mislaid and had given up for lost and now they saw it again and knew that it was theirs and not someone else's. They knew it was not England's hope or America's hope or Russia's hope—that it was no nation's sole property. They knew that it belonged to all men who would shelter it in their hearts.

There was the German reality, the German presence; for a time they seemed to most Frenchmen the only reality, the only presence. With a courage that one day will be admitted and admired the French people—the lonely and the defeated, with hunger there, and Germans, and police, and their soldiers prisoner in a foreign land—saw what could only look to them like the Europe of the future and they refused their consent to its tyrannical and unjust structure. There was the German reality which the French people refused, but, spreading constantly, stronger constantly, there was this other reality, drawing nearer and nearer, until it was everywhere in their hearts—the indivisible reality of hope.

It is because this hope is indivisible that our war is justified and that our immediate action in Africa is justified. We are liberating the French from the German power, but not from themselves. The French people are free already. If they were not free already, if ever they had given their consent to slavery, then France would be lost to us now, irremediably. We would be moving armies about on a desolate continent amid the sullen indifference of men everywhere who cared nothing for liberty and to whom freedom could never be brought. The war would be between men who at least, think they love freedom, and men who, at most remember that once there was freedom and do not care that it has been lost. There would be a war between continents and armies. But our advance across the seas is to join physically, to save physically, those who have never been separated from us in their hope, never enslaved but in their bodies. Our American troops are expeditionary forces sent to combat by the anguished and free and imprisoned peoples of the world.

That is why we listen so intently for the words that will accredit us—formally, as it were—with this mission. That is why we wait so anxiously for a cry of comradeship from France. That is why we remained present in France until, for our diplomatic representatives, we could substitute our visible strength and our willing sacrifice.

That is why, now, more than ever before, we must not ask for more than men can give. The hope of the French people which never died is stronger now than ever before. It is a time when one must be careful about words yet I believe that in France today there is more than hope, there is joy. When we think of our own people we know what joy means: when we think of the French people, now, we must know that their joy—to exist at all—must break through the heaviest grief that a people can know. Their joy—if it is to exist at all—must be deliberate and heroic. For many of the French people the joy they have now, the joy that comes from their strengthened hope, will be the highest form of man's determination to be free and man's vocation to be free. For many of the French people joy will be side by side with death. We must not expect the joy of Carnival, nor the reckless joy of those who do not know its cost. Joy in France today is death's sister, grief's sister; it is the solemn joy of the soul.

The Germans are everywhere throughout the land: the Italians, at last, have permission to tread French soil. The prisons are filled. There is no coal, no food. Children are tubercular. The ships which brought vitamins and milk from America sail no longer. The ships which brought food from Africa—the French were allowed a small percentage of what was sent on to Germany—sail no longer. In the cold, dark cities, now in the autumn evenings, soon in the winter nights, women sit hungry and anguished with their children hungry and cold and crying. Along the railroad lines in the night, in the factories, in the ports, men are risking their lives and paying with their lives for the aid they bring to our soldiers. There is no longer any division between Occupied and Unoccupied France. There is only one France, and the winter coming, and the hunger. There are only the free people of France. They are in direst peril. But there is hope now and heroic joy in their hearts.

C. G. PAULDING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spring Victory

By **Jesse Stuart**

"I DON'T know what to do," Mom said. "We've just enough bread for three more days. We don't have much of anything else to eat with our bread. This is a terrible winter and your father down sick."

Mom sat on a hickory-split-bottomed chair. She put the bottom in the chair last spring. I went to the woods after the sap got up and peeled the green hickory bark from the small hickory sapling. Mom took a case knife and scraped the green from the slats of bark and wove them across the bottom of a chair that Pa wanted to throw away.

"If your father was only well," Mom said and looked at the blazing forestick. "I'll have to think of something. You children run along and play. Leave me alone to think."

Sophie and I crossed the floorless dog-trot between the two big log-pens of our house. We called this dog-trot the "entry." We kept our stove wood and fire wood stacked in the entry. This was a place where the rain, snow and sleet couldn't touch the wood. It was easy to walk out of the kitchen and carry an arm load of the stove wood for the kitchen stove when Mom was getting a meal. It was easy for me to carry fire wood from the big stack in the entry to the fire-place where Mom was looking into the fire and dreaming now.

"There's not any place for us to run and play," Sophie said. "The only place we have to run and play is in the entry. And the cold wind blows through here."

"You are right," I said. "But Mom wants us to get away from her for a little while. Mom is worried."

Sophie stood by the fire wood pile. She put her small white hand upon a big oak back-log that had part of the dead bark slipped from it. Sophie's long blond hair was lifted from her shoulders by a puff of wind. The cold wind brought tears to her eyes. Beyond the entry we saw the pine-tops upon the mountain side sagging with snow. We couldn't see any briar thickets on the high hill slopes. They were snowed under. The garden fence-posts barely stuck out of the snow. Four paths led away from our house—one to the barn, one to the smoke-house, one to the well and one to the hollow back of our house where Mom and I hauled wood with our horse. The big logs that Fred pulled with a long-chain around them made a path through the deep snow from the dark hollow under the pines to our wood yard.

"This snow has been on the ground since last November," Sophie said. "That was 1917. Now it is January, 1918. You are ten years old and I am thirteen years old."

We stood in the entry by the woodpile and talked until we got cold, then Sophie opened the door and we walked into the room. We hurried to the big bright fire to warm our cold hands. Mom was staring into the fireplace with her eagle-gray eyes. She looked steadily toward the fire. She was holding James on her lap. Mary was sitting in a small rocking chair beside her. Pa turned over in bed and asked for water.

Mom got up from the rocking chair with James in her arms. She walked toward Pa's bed. Mom poured a glass of water from a pitcher that was on a stand at the head of Pa's head.

"Do you feel any better, Mick?" Mom asked.

"Nope I don't, Sall," he said. "I feel weak as water. I'll tell you that flu is bad stuff. I got up too soon and took a back-set."

Pa took the glass of water and drank. Mom stood and watched him with James in her arms.

"Is the firewood holding out?" Pa asked as he handed Mom the empty glass.

"Yes, it is," Mom said. "We have plenty of wood."

"How about food for the family and for the live stock?"

"We're getting along all right," Mom said. "Don't worry, Mick. We'll take care of everything. You get well just as soon as you can. You won't get well if you keep on worrying."

"I can't keep for worrying," Pa said. "Here I'm down sick and can't get out of bed. Crops failed us last year and we don't have bread for the children. And I've never seen such snow on the ground. This is a dark winter to me."

"It's a dark winter for all of us," Mom said. "But remember the snow will leave the hills one of these days and the sun will shine on blue violets under the last year's leaves."

Mom put the water glass back on the stand-table beside the water pitcher. She walked back to her rocking chair. The firelight glowed over the room and tiny shadows flickered on the newspaper papered walls.

"Son, we are not whipped yet," Mom said to me. "Your Pa is asleep now. I'll tell you what we are going to do."

I walked over beside Mom's chair. Sophie stood beside her too.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sophie can do the cooking," Mom said. "Can't you bake bread and cook potatoes, Sophie?"

"Yes, Mom."

"And you can use an ax well for a boy ten years old," Mom said.

"It's easy for me to chop with my pole-ax."

"Then you take your ax and go to the hills," Mom said, pointing from the front window to the steep snow-covered bluff east of our house. "You can find all kinds of tough-butted white-oaks on the bluff over there. Cut them down, trim them and scoot them over the hill. We're going to make baskets out of them."

I kept my pole-ax in the entry by the firewood pile, where it would not be snowed under. As I walked out of the front room I pulled my toboggan cap low over my ears. I wrapped my overalls close around my legs so the snow wouldn't get around my feet. I picked up my pole-ax and walked down the path toward the barn. The cold whistling January wind stung my face. Fred nickered to me as I passed the barn. The creek was frozen over and the snow had covered the ice save for a hole that I had chopped so the cow and horse could get water.

I passed the water-hole and the empty hog-pen. I started up the steep bluff toward the white-oak trees. The snow came to my waist. I held to bushes and pulled up the hills—breaking a tiny path through the waist-deep snow. Finally, I reached the white-oak grove and stood beneath a shaggy-topped white-oak sapling. The dead last year's leaves were still clinging to its boughs. These clusters of dead leaves were weighted with snow. When the sharp bit of my pole-ax hit the frozen white-oak wood, a loud ring struck the distant frozen hill across the valley. The sounds came back to my ears. Snow rained on me from the top of the white-oak sapling. I felled the white-oak down the bluff toward the barn. I trimmed its branches and cut its top away. I slid the sapling over the bluff toward the barn. I cut twelve white-oak saplings, and trimmed and topped them and slid them over the bluff toward the barn.

It was easier for me to get down the bluff than it had been to climb it. The white-oak saplings had made a path through the deep snow. I followed this broken path toward the barn. I carried the white-oak saplings from the barn to the entry. I carried one at a time on my shoulder; the green, white-oak timber was heavy. After I'd carried them to the entry I went into the house to see what Mom wanted me to do next.

"After you warm yourself," Mom said, "I want you to take a hand-saw and saw these white-oak saplings into six foot lengths. After you saw them into lengths, I want you to split the lengths into four quarters and bring them to me."

By the time that Mom had given me instructions, I was warm enough to go to work again. I sawed the poles into six foot lengths and split them with my pole-ax. I carried them into our front room and stacked them in a pile in the middle of the floor. They looked like a pile of small green fence rails. Mom looked the pile over and picked up one of the cuts and started to work. She used a butcher knife, a drawing knife and a case knife. She split the lengths again and again and ripped long splits from each length. She split one length into coarser split to make ribs for the baskets. Another length she split into basket handles.

"I'm going to make feed baskets," Mom said. "People will always need feed baskets. I'm going to make them in three different sizes. I'm going to make peck baskets. Men will want peck baskets to carry eggs to town on Saturdays. They'll want them to carry salt, sugar and coffee from the store where they have a long way to walk. I'm going to make a half bushel basket for it will be about the right size to carry corn to the mules, nubbins to the cows and ears of corn to the fattening hogs. And I'm going to make bushel feed baskets."

Sophie got supper that night and I fed Fred and fed and milked Gypsy. I found two more hens under our chicken-roost on the snow. They were frozen stiff as boards. I felt of their craws and I could feel only a few grains of corn. I didn't tell Mom about the chickens. I buried them in the snow. Every day a chicken, guinea or a turkey froze to death. Some days as many as six fowls would freeze to death. I found sparrows frozen to death around the barn. When I put hay down for Gypsy and gave her corn-nubbins in a feed box I milked cold milk from her into the bucket. There was an icy stillness in the January night air and millions of bright stars shivered in a cold blue sky.

By the time that Sophie had steaming-hot corn bread baked, and I had done the feeding, the milking and carried in firewood and stovewood for the night, Mom had made two baskets. Sophie had crossed the entry from the kitchen to tell Mom that supper was ready, and I was putting my kindling wood in the corner to start the morning fire when Mom held up a basket to us.

"Look, children," she said. "I'm not quite as good as I used to be when I helped Pap make baskets. I need practice."

"Mom, that's a pretty basket," I said.

"Supper is ready," Sophie said.

We crossed the entry for supper. The starlight from the winter skies couldn't shine in at our entry. Mom carried a pine torch to line our way to the kitchen. Sophie led James across the entry and Mary held to Mom's skirt. The hot steaming corn bread was sweet to our taste. We had milk and bread and hot boiled potatoes.

"Tomorrow," Mom said, "I want you to saddle Fred and ride to Greenwood with four baskets. I'll have two more made by morning. Sell the peck basket for thirty-five cents. Sell the half

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bushel basket for sixty cents. Sell the two bushel baskets for a dollar apiece. That will be two dollars and ninety-five cents if you sell all the baskets."

"I'll do it, Mom, just as soon as I get the feeding done," I said.

I went to bed that night and dreamed of riding Fred to town. I dreamed that my baskets sold. I dreamed that men wanted more baskets and I came home with my pockets filled with money and a load of cornmeal, flour, lard and candy on Fred's back—all that he could carry.

I awoke and built a fire in the front room to warm it for Mom. She slept in a bed with Sophie and Mary just across from Pa's bed—in the other corner of the room. I slept upstairs with James. After I'd built the fire in the front room, I crossed the entry with a pine torch. It was yet before daylight on the short winter day. I put a fire in the stove and took my milk bucket and feed basket and started toward the barn. I fed Fred corn in his box and threw down hay from the loft. I forked hay to Gypsy's manger and gave her corn-nubbins to eat while I milked her.

When I finished my work, Mom had cooked our breakfast. She made griddle cakes for us and we ate sorghum molasses with hot griddle cakes. After breakfast while Mom was feeding Pa, I put the saddle on Fred and bridled him. I rode to our front door. Mom came out with four baskets. She carried two in each hand.

"Watch old Fred," Mom said. "Do be careful. If the snow balls on his feet, get off his back and find you a sharp-edged rock or a sharp stick and knock the snow-balls from his feet. If he falls with you and hurts you—what are we going to do then?"

Mom looked serious when she spoke to me. I wasn't afraid of Fred falling with me. I was glad to get on my way. I wasn't afraid. I wanted to ride Fred to town. It was the first time in my life that I had ever been allowed to ride to town to sell anything.

"You get a sack of meal if you sell a basket," Mom said. "It will cost you fifty cents. If you sell all your baskets, get a sack of flour too. That's a dollar. That will make a dollar and a half. You'll have a dollar and forty-five cents left. Get a quarter's worth of salt, a quarter's worth of sugar and a small bucket of lard. If you have a penny left, bring it home to me, I've got a use for every penny."

I tied the basket handles together and put two baskets on each side of me behind the saddle. I pulled my toboggan cap low over my ears and rode Fred up the hollow toward Greenwood. My feet were warm in my wool socks and brogan shoes. The cold wind hit my face as I rode away in the winter morning mists. Mom stood in the door and watched me out of sight. I rode up the dark hollow where frost filled the air and where the rough sides of the black-oak trees that stood on the rocky bluffs were white with frost and looked like shadowy ghosts. The frozen snow crunched beneath Fred's big feet.

As I rode over the hill toward the town, a man was feeding his cattle.

"Would you like to buy a basket, Mister?" I asked.

"How do you sell them, Sonnie?" he asked.

"Thirty-five cents for the peck baskets," I said. "Sixty cents for the half-bushel basket and a dollar apiece for the bushel baskets."

"I'll take both of the bushel baskets," he said as he pulled his bill-fold from his pocket and reached me two one-dollar bills. I untied the baskets from the saddle and gave them to him. Two dollars in my pocket and two baskets to sell. The next log-shack I passed, I climbed down from my saddle and knocked at the door. A man came to the door.

"Do you want to buy a basket, Mister?" I asked.

"Sonnie, it's cold weather to sell baskets, ain't it?" he said. "You're out awfully early too. What time did you start this morning?"

"Daylight."

As we talked, the man stepped out into the yard and looked at my baskets. He asked me the price and I told him.

"I'll take both your baskets," he said. "These are well-made baskets and I need feed baskets. I'll take a couple of bushel baskets if you'll make them for me."

"I'll bring 'em to you in two days from now," I said, "if I live and Mom lives."

"Does your mother make these baskets?"

"Yes."

"She certainly put them together well," he said. "I've made baskets and I know a basket."

I said goodby to the tall beardy-faced man. I felt good to take Pa's place and go to town. I felt like I was helping run the place. I got off Fred's back twice and knocked the balls of snow from his feet with a stick. I rode to town and got my meal and flour. I put a sack of flour in one end of a coffee-sack and a sack of meal in the other and balanced it across Fred's broad back—tied the coffee-sack to a ring in my saddle. I carried the sugar, salt and lard in another sack in front of my saddle. Slowly, I went over the hill home.

When I rode back home, Mom came out the front door to meet me. I showed her my meal, flour, sugar, salt and lard. Mom's face brightened with a smile. She stood beside the horse and held the bridle reins when I climbed from the saddle a little stiff with cold.

"And here's twenty-five cents left," I said as I pulled my mitten from my right hand and pulled a quarter from my pocket.

"We'll make it," Mom said. "The winter is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dark now but after a while spring will come. Violets are budding under the dead leaves beneath the snow right now!"

When I went to the woods to haul wood for the fireplace and the kitchen stove, Mom put on Pa's clothes and went with me. Pa's boots fit tightly on Mom's legs. Mom's long slender body fit well into Pa's corduroy pants. His coat was not too broad for Mom's shoulders.

I tried Fred to a tree by his bridle rein. Then Mom and I took the double-bitted ax and the cross-cut saw down to a tall dead oak. I cut a notch part of the way into the dead tree the way I wanted it to fall. Mom took the ax and finished chopping the notch. We got down on our knees together and pulled the long cross-cut saw through the hard dead oak tree. After we sawed a while, we heard a crack and the tree bent earthward and hit the snow-covered hill below with a slash. The snow dashed in a white powdery cloud high into the air. I took the ax and trimmed the knots from the tree while Mom led Fred up to the tree, hooked the snaking chain around the log and fastened the trace chains to the single tree.

"He's ready," Mom said.

I climbed on Fred's back and reined him with the bridle reins down the path. Clouds of snow blew from under Fred's feet as he moved the big dead log toward the woodyard. Mom followed with the ax in her ungloved hand and the cross-cut saw across her shoulder. When Fred got to the woodyard, he stopped. I got off his back—unhitched the traces and took him to the barn. I came back to the woodyard. All afternoon Mom got down on her knees in the snow on one side of the log and I got down on the other side of the big dead log. We dragged the cross-cut saw across the bone-dry seasoned oak log. We cut stove-wood lengths and fire-wood lengths until we finished the log. Then we split the wood lengths with our axes. I used my pole-ax on the stove-wood lengths for the cookstove. Mom used the double-bitted ax and split the longer firewood lengths. After we split the lengths into finer wood, I carried it and stacked it in the entry where it was safe from rain, sleet and snow.

"When your Pa gets well again," Mom said, "I won't have so much work to do. He always took care of the wood getting."

Mom would sit up on the long winter evenings when the wind blew around the house and weave baskets. Sophie would often help her with the white-oak splits after she had washed the supper dishes. Sophie would take the case knife and smooth the splinters from the splits. I would take the drawing knife and rip off long splits from the white-oak sapling lengths. It was fun for us to do this around the winter fire while we laughed and talked and parched corn in a skillet. Mary parched the corn while Sophie and I helped Mom. Pa laid in bed—his face pale on the white pillow in the dim flicker of the pine torch above our mantel and the leaping blazes from the forestick. Sometimes Pa talked to us about spring and when he would be plowing again. He told us he'd never plant the swamps in the hollow again and have the craw-dads to cut down the young corn soon as it sprouted from the furrow. One day when Mom worked steadily all day and Sophie and I helped her in the evening, she made twelve baskets.

"It's one of the biggest day's work I've ever done in my life," Mom said. "If I could make twelve baskets one day with another, your Pa wouldn't have to worry about spring and plowing."

"Mom wanted me to be careful about the horse falling," I thought. "She told me to keep the snow knocked from his feet so it wouldn't ball and throw him when I rode him to Greenwood—Mom doesn't know what she would do without me—well, she'd better watch about making twelve baskets one day with another. What would we do if Mom would get sick?"

As I walked toward the barn over the frozen snow, I had these thoughts about my mother.

Every weekday, I took baskets to Greenwood. I sold them almost any place I stopped. When I sold all my baskets one day, I learned to take orders for the next day. There was a ready sale for the baskets my mother made. And I learned to be a good salesman for a boy of ten. After I'd go to Greenwood in the morning and sell baskets and bring back the things Mom told me to get, I'd climb the bluff above the hogpen and cut the bushy-topped white-oak saplings and slide them over the bluff to the barn. Then I'd carry them to the entry and saw them into lengths with a hand-saw, split them into quarters and carry them into the house for Mom.

When our feed ran out, Mom sent me to Broughton's to see about feed.

"I think John Broughton's got corn and I know he's got fodder to sell," Mom said. "You get the saddle on Fred and ride out there and see. Don't pay over twenty cents a shock for fodder. Offer him fifteen cents at first and if he won't take that, then offer him twenty cents. We have to have feed for Fred and Gypsy. Offer him ninety cents a barrel for corn and don't give him over a dollar a barrel."

When I rode away to Broughton's to see about feed, I left Mom at home making baskets. I rode down the hollow and turned up the left fork of Ragweed Hollow. The snow was nearly to Fred's neck in places. I found my way to Broughton's barn where Mr. Broughton was feeding his cows.

"I'll take fifteen cents a shock for thirty shocks of fodder," Mr. Broughton said. "That's all I have to sell. That ought to winter your horse and cow until grass gets here this spring. I won't take ninety cents a barrel for my corn. I'll take a dollar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a barrel for it and put it in your corncrib. I can let you have ten barrels of corn."

"All right, Mr. Broughton," I said. "I'll pay you for the corn and fodder right now if you'll promise me you'll deliver the fodder while you're bringing the corn."

Mr. Broughton's eyes looked big when I told him I'd pay him now. I know he wondered where I got the money. He knew Pa was sick, for he had been around home a couple of times to see him and talked to him far into the night. I paid Mr. Broughton a ten-dollar bill, four one-dollar bills, and I gave him a half-dollar, and then I rode toward home. The next day we had feed in our barn to last until the hills got green again.

"How's the feed holding out?" Pa asked.

"Mick, we've got plenty of feed."

"That feed's lasting the longest of any feed yet."

"We've got enough to last until the pastures get green."

Pa would curve his thin lips in a smile. He would lie on the bed and ask questions about the horse, cow and the chickens.

Often when I walked along the creek I found rabbits dead—frozen hard as an icicle. I found dead quails. I found dead possums. Maybe they had starved to death for something to eat. I found still life wherever I went. The weather had been so cold and all life had shrunk to the bone, perished for food or had frozen to death.

The snow didn't show any signs of melting. All we did at home was get wood, feed the horse and cow, cook, eat, sleep and make baskets. I took four, six, eight and often ten baskets away each day to Greenwood. People called me the "Basket Boy." I brought back meal, flour, lard and groceries. Every day I brought back a piece of dry goods for Mom. She'd write down on paper what she wanted and I'd bring it back. Each day I brought back some money to Mom. I never spent all that I got for the baskets. Mom planned the spending so I'd bring the money home.

"A body needs a little money about the house," Mom said. "We never know what time we might need it. I've got to keep a little ahead to buy medicine for your Pa. He's liable to get worse any time. It's hard to tell. He's had a long lingering spell this winter and his face is awful white. His jaw bones look like they'll come through the skin any minute, his face is so thin."

As the winter days dragged on toward spring and the great sheets of snow remained on the steep hill slopes, Mom did not go to the woodyard and help me cut wood like she had. I cut the wood with my pole-ax. Mom sat in her chair before the fire and wove baskets. She seldom got up for anything. Pa talked more to Mom now than he had ever talked. She propped him up in bed with his pillow behind his back and he watched her weave baskets. He talked to her about when the snow would leave and the ground would show—dark with melted snow-water running down over the hills leaping like fish in the sunlight.

"Go to Greenwood and get the Doctor," Mom said one day. "Get on Fred and hurry to town!"

"Is Pa worse?" I asked.

"Don't ask questions but hurry," Mom said.

I rode Fred over the snow fast as I could go. I got Doctor Morris out of bed. He rode his horse and we raced back over the snow in the winter moonlight and starlight. When we got to the house, I saw a light from the front window. Sophie met me at the front door and told me that we'd have to sit by a fire in the kitchen stove. Doctor Morris went into the house.

It was some time before daylight when I heard a baby cry.

"I hear a baby crying, Sophie," I said.

"Yes, didn't you know?"

"But I never would have thought that."

"Come in the front room, you children," Doc Morris said as he looked in at the kitchen door.

"You have a big brother," Doc Morris said. "He weighs less than two pound."

Sophie and I ran into the room to see our brother. We had a lamp in our front room now. I could understand why Mom had me to buy it. I could understand about the cloth she had me to get. I thought of these things as I looked at Mom lying on the bed with the quilts turned down enough for us to see our brother that was so small Mom had pinned him to a pillow so she wouldn't lose him in the bed. There was a smile on Mom's lips.

It was March and the sun had shone brightly for three days. The snow melted and the snow-water ran in tiny streams down the small drains on the steep bluffs.

When Pop saw the dark hills again he sat up in bed. There was more color in his face now. Each day he looked at the hills and talked to Mom. Soon as Mom got up from the bed, Pa was up walking about. Color was coming back rapidly to his face. Flesh was coming back to his skeleton body. Sophie did the cooking and I did the feeding. I got the wood. Mom had paid all of our bills and she had a little money left after she paid Doctor Morris.

"All our debts are paid, Mick," Mom said. "The hard winter is over. Violets are in bloom and pasture grass is coming back to the pastures."

Mom stood in the late March wind with our tiny brother wrapped in a blanket in her arms. She kicked the dead leaves away with the toe of her shoe from a clump of blooming violets. I walked ahead of Pa and cut stalks and sprouts with a grubbing hoe. Pa rested between the handles of the plow and looked at Mom standing at the edge of the field with the early buds of spring about her.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children's Books, 1942

THIS YEAR it seems to me that the publishers' offerings of juveniles are undistinguished. Whether the reason for this is that I am growing jaundiced, or that a world at war turns writers and artists away from fantasy, I dare not say. But I do know that it has been only with difficulty that I have been able to make up a list of ten books which seem above the ordinary in distinction. Not that the remaining hundred covered in these pages are definitely and specifically bad, but rather that they seem a little more flat and unprofitable than did last year's crop. One or two obvious tendencies are observable. What was to be done about the war? It seems to me that there is a legitimate place for material about the war in books to be read by children. War always has the effect of arousing the best as well as the worst instincts in men and women, and surely it would be foolish sentimentality to try to protect young people against contact with bravery and sacrifice merely because they are associated with a terrible institution. Then, also, there are specific ways in which the younger generation can properly play a part in the war effort, and one of the most important of these is in their acquiring some knowledge of the technical aspect of the matter. The kind of war book which I definitely do not like is the highly faked story which leads to hatred of the enemy and overestimation of the noble qualities of our own troops. These seem to me almost positively pernicious, and I have left all such books out of these lists. Older boys and girls will want to read war stories. Let them read the best of what is produced for the adult market. Such things as "They Were Expendable" or some of the stories in Ernest Hemingway's anthology are what I have in mind. But before a parent gives any such book to a child, he should read it himself to be sure that it is what he wants his son or daughter to see. There has been a great increase in the amount of volumes on Latin America. I have made a separate classification for such books; also for books on flying. One thing is welcome in these Pan American stories, biographies, etc. Most of them give some attention to the fact that the religion of Central and South America is Catholicism, and that is a welcome novelty. Once again I have gone very easy on "junior novels." I still don't like them—generally speaking—and I am sure that the adolescents who want them will have their own choice anyway. It should be mentioned in passing that the Catholic University has published through William H. Sadlier an excellent course in literary readings for high school children. It is primarily a textbook, but its format is attractive and the volume could well be used in the home. The authors from whom selections are given are mostly Catholic, but not all. It should also be noted that Mrs. Ward's Fifth Year Music "Children's Song Manual" has come out, illustrated as always by Frances Delehanty. And, finally, may I be allowed to shudder briefly over "Picture Stories from the Bible"? This consists of a series of colored comic strips in the worst taste of the genre and sponsored by Protestant and Jewish advisers. As far as I am concerned, such cheapening trash deserves never to have been created. In every listing given below, the first name is that of the

Ten of the Best

ALL-AMERICAN. John R. Tunis and Hans Walleen. Harcourt. $2.00. A most unusual junior novel. It combines a good story which will appeal to boys in their teens with an admirable moral of racial justice—a combination certainly almost unheard of.

THE TALL BOOK OF MOTHER GOOSE. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Harper. $1.00. The novel format, most reasonable price and excellent illustrations make this one of the finds of the season, and its best bargain.

RATHINA. Mairin Cregan and Flora De Muth. Macmillan. $2.25. The quiet charm of country life in Ireland is here reflected for older children as it was in "Bowen's Court" for adults. A fresh story written with real feeling for style.

THE BLUE-EYED LADY. Ferenc Molnar and Helen Sewell. Viking. $2.00. Perhaps I am unduly sentimental, but this finely wrought story of two small children's mother in Heaven appearing to them through the agency of a shop window model appeals to me very deeply. Those who think children should know nothing of death had best avoid it.

NOT-MRS.-MURPHY. Patricia Gordon and Ralph Boyer. Viking. $1.50. A beautifully conceived and fanciful story which should appeal to imaginative children not yet touched by the dreadful cynicism of adolescence.

VAGABOND IN VELVET. Covelle Newcomb and Addison Burbank. Longmans. $2.50. A first-rate life of Cervantes done by the authors of last year's exceptionally fine biography of Cardinal Newman.

MARSHMALLOW. Clare Turlay Newberry. Harper. $1.75. A cat which lives in an apartment house acquires a rabbit as playmate. Illustrated with all of the artist's consummate ability.

STORIES OF OUR AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SONGS. Dr. John Henry Lyons and Jacob Landau. Vanguard. $1.50. Ten patriotic songs, their texts, music, and extremely interesting details of their history together with peculiarly fine illustrations.

AWAY IN A MANGER. Christmas Verse selected and decorated by Jean Thoburn. Oxford. $1.00. A beautiful collection of little known verse about Christmas, with a few old favorites as well. An exquisite selection beautifully produced.

A CHRISTMAS MANGER. Uncle Gus. Houghton Mifflin. $1.00. This is more of a toy than a book. It consists of all the figures for a manger prepared for cutting out and standing on their own legs, together with a background and a text describing the worship of the Shepherds and the Magi culled from Matthew and Luke.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

author and the second that of the illustrator, unless otherwise noted. I have tried to indicate ages in a general way rather than too specifically, for, as we all know, the mental and chronological ages of children often do not coincide.

Old Favorites

The Three Little Pigs. Illustrated by Mary Cameron. Random. $.50.

The Three Bears. Illustrated by Mary Cameron. Random. $.50. This and its companion are excellent buys.

The Tale of Peter Rabbit. Beatrix Potter. Grosset. $.50. Not as nice as the original, but a good value.

Easter Chimes. Stories for Easter and the Spring Season selected by Wilhelmina Harper. Illustrated by Wilfred Jones. Dutton. $2.00. Thirty-six stories and verse for children of various ages.

The Piper's Son. Drawings by Emily Barto. Longmans. $.75.

Prince Prigio. Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Little. $1.75. This is the first story out of "My Own Fairy Book."

The Tenggren Tell-It-Again Book. Editel by Katharine Gibson. Illustrated in full color by Gustaf Tenggren. Little. $2.50. Twenty-eight time-tested tales beautifully printed and illustrated. An excellent value.

A Book of Myths. Illustrations by Helen Sewell. Macmillan. $2.00. Selected stories from Bulfinch. For older children.

A Child's Book of Christmas Carols. Illustrated by Masha. Selected and arranged by Inez Bertail. Random. $1.50. Eighteen of the best known with pictures of the most lushly sentimental sort, but well done for this style of thing.

Simon and Schuster have instituted a new series of books for quite young children. They are known as "The Little Golden Books" and are all prepared under the supervision of Mary Reed, assistant professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia University. What chiefly distinguishes this series is the fact that a number of excellent illustrators have been employed and that the resulting books sell at a remarkably low price—$.25. Twelve titles have so far been issued, of which only one seems to me objectionable—"Prayers for Children." Praying should not ever be presented as an exercise in sentimentality. Here are the other eleven, with a few descriptive details:

Three Little Kittens. Masha. For very young children.

Bedtime Stories. Gustaf Tenggren. ("Chicken Little," "The Three Bears," "The Three Little Pigs," "Little Red Riding-hood," "The Gingerbread Man.")

The Alphabet from A to Z. Leah Gale and Vivienne Blake.

Mother Goose. Phyllis Fraser and Miss Elliott. Forty-three of the most loved rhymes.

The Little Red Hen. Rudolf. For very young children.

Nursery Songs. Leah Gale and Corinne Malvern. Twenty-five favorites.

The Poky Little Puppy. Janette Sebring Lowery and Gustaf Tenggren. For very little children.

The Golden Book of Fairy Tales. Winfield Hoskins. ("Jack and the Beanstalk," "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," "The Sleeping Beauty.")

Baby's Book. Bob Smith. Pictures of objects familiar to baby.

The Animals of Farmer Jones. Rulolf Freund. Mostly pictures like the preceding.

This Little Piggy and Other Counting Rhymes. Phyllis Fraser and Roberta Paflin. Thirty-seven arithmetical verses.

Picture Books

Cloth Book 6. Kurt Wiese. Holiday House. $1.25. These "Cloth Books" are about the best of their sort available. They are washable and sturdy. The present specimen is devoted to barnyard animals.

Saturday Ride. Ethel Wright and Richard Rose. Scott. $1.00. A trip by car and train including Pullman and diner.

Tommy Tippett's Toys. Louise Woodcock and Elizabeth Logan. Scott. $1.00. Printed on heavy cardboard for the youngest of children and illustrating their toys.

Christmas in the Woods. Frances Frost and Alden A. Watson. Harper. $1.00. An exquisite poem beautifully printed and illustrated.

Petey. Linda Jackson and Dorothy Buck. Harcourt. $1.50. All about a baby's day for older sister. (But not much older.)

The Little Red Lighthouse. Hildegarde H. Swift and Lynd Ward. Harcourt. $1.75. The story of a river lighthouse in the shadow of the George Washington Bridge.

This Is America. Frances Cooke Macgregor. Putnam. $3.00. Mrs. Macgregor has gathered together a superb collection of photographs intended to make us realize a little better what America is, and to this Eleanor Roosevelt has added a running commentary.

Animal Stories (very young)

Surprise. Charims. Grosset. $.50. A little girl has a birthday celebrated with the help of her small Scottie.

Lulu Meets Peter. Charlotte Steiner. Doubleday. $1.00. A little boy and a little girl and two canine playmates sport in the snow.

The Runaway Bunny. Margaret Wise Brown and Clement Hurd. Harper. $1.50. There is no place like home and mother.

Don't Frighten the Lion! Margaret Wise Brown and H. A. Rey. Harper. $1.75. A master dresses up his dog so that pooch can visit the zoo (so also can the reader, with cut-outs).

Puff Ball. Paul Brown. Scribners. $1.00. Sparkie acquires a cowboy suit and a pony.

Three Smart Squirrels and Squee. Margaret Friskey and Lucia Patton. McKay. $1.00. A forgetful little squirrel goes through an educational course.

Gabriel Churchkitten. Margot Austin. Dutton. $1.00. This is a sequel to last year's "Peter Churchmouse," which was very popular with many readers. The church is distinctly Protestant, and the parson is a somewhat ridiculous figure.

Dorcas Porkus. Tasha Tudor. Oxford. $.75. One of the "Calico Books"; deals with a "well-mannered" pig who is given a bath.

Baxter Beaver. Letitia Chaffee and Roberta Paflin. McKay. $1.00. A young beaver who is *not* busy as a, has an experience with a swing, a bear and several relatives, which cures him of his laziness.

Animal Stories (slightly older)

The Rabbit Who Had Four Lucky Feet. Kathryn and Byron Jackson. S. & S. $1.00. The rabbit's lucky feet when rubbed by a small boy named Peter produce six wishes, each of which is depicted in a cut-out which folds back into view from the top of the page. A book to be used for reading aloud.

Penny and the White Horse. Marjery Bianco and Marjory Collison. Messner. $2.00. A little girl prefers an old fashioned merry-go-round and its white wooden horse to a modern streamlined version of the same sport.

The Fast Sooner Hound. Arna Bontempts and Jack Conroy. Illustrated by Virginia Lee Burton. Houghton. $1.75. A fantastic yarn about a dog whose master is a railroad fireman and who can outrun any train.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matilda and Her Family. Miriam E. Mason and Meg Wohlberg. Macmillan. $1.50. A pleasant series of happenings to a large mother cat and her family.

Gulliver Joins the Army. Alice Dalgliesh and Ellen Segner. Scribners. $1.50. A shepherd dog joins the Army with his master.

Stablemates. Margaret S. Johnson and Helen Blossing Johnson. Harcourt. $1.75. Two horses—brother and sister—go through a number of adventures including the brother's losing and regaining his ability to jump and his status as a hunter.

Watching for Winkie. Theresa Kalab. Longmans. $1.75. Again an animal helps in the war—this time a carrier pigeon. Said to be based on truth.

Rufi. A. Byron Leonard. Caxton. $2.50. A rather unusual and true-to-life story of a red squirrel.

Hippo. Joel Stolper. Harcourt. $1.75. A very skilful illustrator makes vivid the life of hippopotamoi.

Little Lost Monkey. Jo Besse McElveen Waldeck and Kurt Wiese. Viking. $1.50. Even South American animals are the rage this year. This is about a "Sakiwinki," the smallest of all monkeys, who hails from British Guiana.

Whitey's First Round-Up. Glen Rounds. Grosset. $.50. Exactly what the title implies, with quite charming illustrations. A good buy.

Informative Books (tiny readers)

The WPA Pennsylvania Writers Project has produced a considerable series of elementary science readers covering such subjects as frogs, buffaloes, pigeons, fruit trees, geology, lumber, motion pictures, radio and television. These have been published by Albert Whitman & Co., in Chicago, at $.50 each. Of their sort they are excellent.

The Happy Book. Josephine Van Dolzen Pease and Esther Friend. Rand. $2.00. A large volume intended to correct bad habits and tendencies in children.

The Little Rabbit That Would Not Eat. Edna Groff Deihl. Illustrated by A. E. Kennedy and Roberta Paffin. Gabriel. $.65. The title of this book indicates clearly enough the moral it is intended to teach. The illustrations are extremely good.

The Little Chick That Would Not Go to Bed. Edna Groff Deihl. Illustrated by A. E. Kennedy and Roberta Paflin. Gabriel. $.65. Same comment as above.

Count the Kittens. Dorothy M. King and Joseph Sica. Harcourt. $1.00. A game book with counters and a simple story to induce elementary figuring.

Informative Books (older children)

The Story of the Great Lakes. Marie Gilchrist and C. H. De Witt. Harper. $1.00. The title is self-explanatory. The pictures are excellent.

They Went Exploring. Arensa Sondergaard and C. H. DeWitt. Harper. $1.50. The principal explorers of history.

The Bands Play On. Phyllis Ann Carter and William Sharp. McBride. $2.00. The story of bands and orchestras through the ages.

The Bright Idea Book. Madeline Gray and Robert C. Urban. Dutton. $2.50. How to do all sorts of things from parlor magic to training your dog.

Pogo's Fishing Trip. Jo and Ernest Norling. Holt. $1.00. All about salmon, how to fish for them and how they live.

American Trees. Russell T. Limbach. Random. $1.00. All about our commoner trees, their habits and how to identify them.

Australia. Rafaello Busoni. Holiday. $1.00. A brief and informal introduction to an allied land.

The Legends of the Mighty Sioux. Compiled by the South Dakota Writers Project. Illustrated by Sioux Indian artists. Whitman. $1.50. An interesting bit of Americana.

Submarines. Herbert S. Zim. Harcourt. $3.00. Illustrated with many photographs. An excellent account of underseas craft for older boys.

Your Career in Engineering. Norman V. Carlisle. Illustrated with photographs. Dutton. $2.50. A good summary of the field for older boys.

Sentries of the Sea. John J. Floherty. Illustrated with photographs. Lippincott. $2.00. An old hand at this sort of book tells what the lighthouse service does.

Your Job and American Victory. Theodore Barrett. Stewart. $2.50. A more advanced discussion of precisely what the title indicates, which can be serviceable to boys and girls looking for jobs after high school.

Aviation (Stories)

Today We Fly. Margaret Friskey and Lucia Patton. Whitman. $1.00. A very simple story for very young readers of an airplane flight, designed to make clear how flying is done.

Husky. Rutherford Montgomery and Jacob Landau. Holt. $2.00. A story of Alaska, flying, animals; for boys around ten or twelve.

Silver Widgeon. Esther Wood and Theresa Kalab. Longmans. $2.00. An airplane flight to Canada; for boys and girls between eight and ten.

Let's Fly to Bermuda. Marjorie Barrows and Barbara Maynard. Illustrated also with photographs. Whitman. $1.50. A flight to Bermuda. For quite young children (to be read aloud).

Aviation (Dope)

Bag of Smoke. Lonzo Anderson and Adrienne Adams. Viking. $2.00. An exceedingly good account of the brothers Montgolfier and their balloons, with fine illustrations.

Parachutes. Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt. $2.50. An exhaustive account of this latest weapon.

The New Alphabet of Aviation. Edward Shenton. Macrae. $1.75. Precisely what the title implies and full of information on all phases of flying.

Air Patrol. Henry B. Lent. Illustrated with photographs. Macmillan. $2.00. This book is written in story form, but is mostly designed to convey information about the U. S. Coast Guard and its aviation patrol.

Fighting Planes of the World. Major Bernard A. Law and Barry Bart. Random. $1.00. A new and completely revised edition of an older book, giving the most up-to-date information about military aviation.

Biography

Johann Sebastian Bach. Harriet Bunn and Rafaello Busoni. Random. $1.00. The illustrations are lovely. For older children interested in music.

Frédéric Chopin. André Maurois and Everett Shinn. Harper. $1.75. A charming account of the great composer and pianist.

David Glasgow Farragut. William Oliver Stevens. Dodd. $2.50. Mr. Stevens has done his own illustrations. He writes with real feeling for sea life and battle.

Boy of the Woods. Maie Lounsbury Wells and Dorothy Fox. Illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell. Dutton. $2.00. Despite a horrible jacket, this life of Audubon is well put together and illustrated.

The Three Hanses. Julian David and Warren Chappel. Little. $2.00. A well written biography in somewhat fictional form of Hans Christian Andersen.

Saint Thomas Aquinas. Raïssa Maritain and Gino Severini. Longmans. $1.50. As good an attempt as has ever been made to interpret Saint Thomas for young readers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Martha Washington. Alice Curtis Desmond. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd. $2.50. The publisher describes this as "for anyone from 15 up." A good job.

The Man With Wings. Joseph Cottler. Illustrated with photographs. Little. $2.50. An excellent brief life of Leonardo with fascinating sketches.

Leonardo, Master of the Renaissance. Elisabeth Hubbard Lansing and William Sharp. Crowell. $2.75. Hendrik Willem Van Loon contributes a foreword. It seems a little unfortunate that in addition to the rather good illustrations specially drawn, reproductions of Leonardo's own work were not included.

Pan America

Lad of Lima. Mary Fabyan Windeatt. Sheed & Ward. $1.75. A life of Blessed Martin de Porres.

Juarez, Hero of Mexico. Nina Brown Baker and Marion Greenwood. Vanguard. $2.50. A magnanimous biography of Juarez—a difficult subject in many ways, handled as fairly as possible.

Cortez and the Conquest of Mexico. Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Abridged and edited by B. G. Herzog. Illustrated with sixteenth century Indian drawings. Scott. $2.50. The third in a series of "Eye Witness Narratives" for older children. An excellent idea excellently carried out.

The Boy Who Could Do Anything. Anita Brenner and Jean Charlot. Scott. $2.50. Mexican folk tales reproduced as they are told today. Some may be slightly provocative of nightmares.

Kimbi, Jungle Indian. Henry Lionel Williams and Harry Daugherty. Random. $1.00. This is one of a series of "Children of the Americas" which describes simply various native peoples and stories.

Diego Wins. Various authors. Illustrated by Ann Eshner and Katharine Knight. Random. $1.00. Another "Children of the Americas" volume.

Little Boy Lost in Brazil. Kurt Wiese. Dodd. $2.00. An illustrator who has special knowledge of the country does an excellent story for quite young boys and girls.

The Water-Carrier's Secrets. Maria Christina Chambers and Leonard Weisgard. Oxford. $2.00. Not a very exciting story, but one thoroughly infused with Mexican Christianity.

Pico and the Silver Mountain. Margaret Phelps and Ann Eshner. Macrae. $1.75. Charmingly illustrated story of a small boy's journey from Mexico City to Taxco, where he becomes apprenticed to a silversmith.

Jorge's Journey. Alice Curtis Desmond and Flora Nash De Muth. Macmillan. $1.75. The coffee industry in Brazil with good action story.

Against All Odds. Marion F. Lansing and William Sharp. Doubleday. $2.00. A great variety of South American pioneers in many different fields. Ranges from Pizarro to Oswaldo Cruz, with the conventional historical figures and a bow to Darwin.

Uncle Bouqui of Haiti. Harold Courlander and Lucy Crockett. Morrow. $2.00. Haitian folk tales of a rather simple sort.

Maria Rosa. Vera Kelsey and Candido Portinari. Doubleday. $2.00. Adventures and carnival in Rio for small children. The eminent Brazilian illustrator has done a superb job.

Our Good Neighbors in Latin America. Wallace West. Illustrated with photographs. Noble & Noble. $2.00. This is really more of a textbook than of a juvenile, but it is easy reading and contains a great deal of useful information.

Mexico and the Inca Lands. Rafaello Busoni. Holiday. $1.00. A very brief introduction to the Aztec, Mayan and Incan regions of Latin America.

My First Geography of the Americas. Arensa Sondergaard and Fritz Kredel. Little. $1.75. An excellent elementary geography illustrating physical and economic aspects of both North and South America. Perhaps the treatment of the latter is disproportionately short

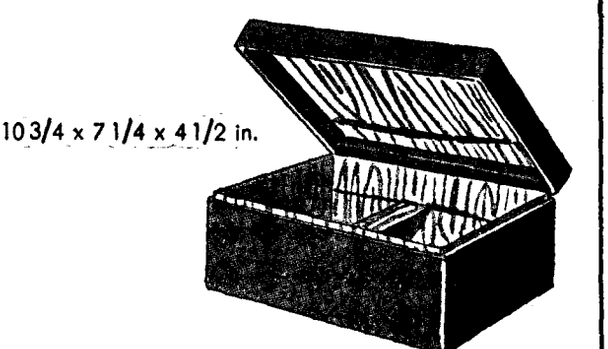
B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

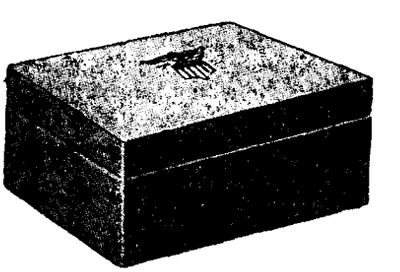
The keepsake box

to hold all the letters

and souvenirs that come back home

from your boy!





7.50

handsome leather-covered box designed to hold forever those letters and snapshots that mean so much to us here at home. Distinguished hand-colored military emblem burnt as an insignia on the cover. A lovely gift for a service mother, sweetheart or wife.

New York store only, main floor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suzy Goes to Mexico. Mary Carney Thielmann. Photographs by Joseph Carl Thielmann. Whitman. $1.25. A photograph-story of a visit to Mexico describing many of its manners and customs.

The Spanish Song and Game Book. Compiled by Workers of the Writers Program, Music Program and Art Program of the WPA in the State of New Mexico. A. S. Barnes. $2.00. An altogether delightful collection of games accompanied by songs—and also unaccompanied. In Spanish and English.

Just Stories (arranged in age order)

Who Wants an Apple. Quail Hawkins and Lolita and David Granahan. Holiday. $1.00. Moving to the country for a little girl about four years old.

A Letter to Popsey. Mabel La Rue and Lois Lenski. Grosset. $.50. Moving to a bigger house by a bigger family for slightly bigger children.

The Little House. Virginia Lee Burton. Houghton. $1.75. The story of American housing with an actual house as the chief character. Dramatically done, but probably a child would have to be at least seven to get it. *Good for some adults, too.*

The Man Who Lost His Head. Claire Huchet Bishop and Robert McCloskey. Viking. $1.00. He tried substituting a pumpkin, a turnip and one of carved wood—and finally he got back his own.

Bob's Bike. Catherine Beebe and Robb Beebe. Oxford. $1.00. Another little boy gives up a city sport for country pleasures.

Tom Whipple. Walter D. Edmonds and Paul Lantz. Dodd Mead. $2.00. A Yankee lad in his early teens decides to see the world in the days of sail.

Andries. Hilda van Stockum. Viking. $2.00. A Dutch boy in the tulip region—some ten years old.

The Falcon of Eric the Red. Catherine Cate Coblentz and Henry C. Pitz. Longmans. $2.25. A Greenland lad with a gyrfalcon visits Vineland.

Hill of Little Miracles. Valenti Angelo. Viking. $2.00. Mostly Italian immigrants in San Francisco—their daily lives and hopes and fears. Told and illustrated with deep feeling.

Twelve Bright Trumpets. Margaret Leighton. Houghton. $1.75. Twelve stories intended to recreate the daily life, manners and customs of the Middle Ages for older boys and girls.

Ribi, the Baker's Horse. Anna Bird Stewart. Lippincott. $2.50. A horse story of Corsica which has met with general approval from critics of every stripe.

Those looking for stories written with older boys and girls in mind will find a particularly large selection of "career books" this year. The careers described are varied and indeed ingenious beyond belief! There is also a good selection of "Americanization stories" dealing with the European backgrounds and American lives of more recent immigrant groups. The normal complement of historical novels has appeared. And there are plenty of yarns of contemporary college, ranch, north woods, etc., life. I should like to single out three books that treat Negroes sympathetically. "Hezekiah Horton," by Ellen Tarry (Viking, $1.00), is about Harlem and for children of approximately seven. Another story with the same locale and for the same age level is "Steppin and Family," by Hope Newell (Oxford). And finally, "Welcum Hinges," by Bernard Robb (Dutton, $2.50) perpetuates some of the philosophy of a vanished Negro life in the South. This is a book for readers of all ages.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ONCE AGAIN, in writing for this column something suggested by a book, I must warn my readers that in spite of this column's title, strict reviewing of the book mentioned, in the sense of supplying a competent judgment, is not my purpose. The warning is especially necessary in the case of these notes concerning the monumental work by Brother Cornelius, F.S.C., M.A., of the faculty of St. Mary's College in California, on "Keith: Old Master of California." (Putnam. $5.00.) As it stands, the volume, superbly illustrated both in color and in black and white, with many reproductions of William Keith's much debated landscape paintings and portraits, and an abundance of photographs and drawings, runs to 631 pages, including index and notes. Even so, it is but a condensation of a manuscript more than twice as long as the published text, the product of some ten years of writing and a life-time of patient, loving devotion both to the special subject of the book, Keith, his life, his labors and, more especially, his spirit, and to the spirit and the material organization of Art itself. A stupendous thesis! Yet Brother Cornelius, in his foreword, avows that the work really has no thesis, and formally, no doubt, that is true. As he says, "it is only incidental, though perhaps all the more effective, that it stands against the idea, too long and too arrogantly dominant, namely, that the subject in art exists only for the sake of the technique. Incidental too is that from beginning to end it exemplifies that only a noble and great-minded man can be truly a great artist." However, this shows that at least implicitly Brother Cornelius does put forward a thesis that has divided and at times embittered the world of art ever since criticism arose among men, and which the present writer, conscious of his profound lack of technical knowledge, will himself not presume to debate—only avowing his complete sympathy with Brother Cornelius and his views, but not attempting to justify either his sympathy or the views themselves.

Perhaps, indeed quite certainly, the fact that for him the name of William Keith, and the word and name of California, have almost magical powers, explains his own special interest in this work. When San Francisco was destroyed in the earthquake of 1906 part of my duty as a newspaper editor was to record both the immense loss suffered by William Keith in the destruction of literally thousands of his pictures and sketches, and the even more striking fortitude and courage and nobility of character displayed by the veteran artist in meeting his own share in the city's calamity, and in rallying his own and his fellow citizens' will-power and reconstructive energies to face the disaster of the time and the work of the future. Some years later, in 1914, another journalistic task of mine was to write and compile a guide book to the Palace of Fine Arts, crown of the great Panama-American Exposition with which San Francisco proved to all the world, even as that world went raging into its first great war, how indomitable was its spirit—and how that spirit was shared

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the nation of which California was so vitally a part. It was then that I became acquainted with the work of Keith, or a great part of it, and recognized the truth that it and the man who created it were great, although whether or not that greatness could best be analyzed and explained in terms of technical excellence was a question then, as now, which I could only leave to the experts in technique to deal with.

Whether or not Brother Cornelius's phrase of "Old Master," applied to William Keith in the title to his book, will be justified by the verdict of the experts of the future, may best be left to the future. Brother Cornelius says that the conviction of Keith's mastery was impressed upon him by the first sight of one of Keith's paintings, was strengthened by each work seen later, and came spontaneously into his mind as the idea for the title of his book only when the book was completely written. The natural mysticism of William Keith seems to have been lovingly understood not only by Brother Cornelius, but also to have been the quality which brought love for his paintings, and bracing joy in their contemplation, to thousands for whom the debates over their technical qualities were incomprehensible. In this respect, Keith was a truly "popular" painter, because he had opened and all his life followed an open road to wide popular appreciation; but never did he pander to a supposed "popular" demand for anecdotal subjects, or synthetic sentimentality, he did not paint down to a supposed level of popular appeal, he simply and sincerely painted the world and its people as his inner as well as his physical vision saw them, and thus the public followed him to his own level, gladly and gratefully. And both gladly and gratefully should the book of Brother Cornelius be received by the lovers of William Keith.

The Screen

Short

ONE THING that the war has done for cinema is to raise the short to a position of some respect. While it still does not vie with the feature attraction to draw customers into a theater, the short now is frequently something to be seen and not just a wasted ten or twenty minutes between features. Of course some of the studios are still turning out short films that show name bands playing swing numbers or comedians indulging in corny humor or that are third-rate animated cartoons. But some of the studios are making shorts, on various phases of the war, that stand up for their educational as well as artistic values.

The Government has definitely given its nod of recognition to the short film by allowing its Office of War Information Film Unit to make a series of instructive items. In *"Salvage,"* Donald Nelson explains the need for rubber, iron, tin, etc., and how we can all help by saving and collecting scrap. In *"Colleges at War,"* we are shown what some of the colleges are doing to prepare their students for constructive work in these times. Besides training youths for the armed services, many schools are preparing young people for work in medical fields, diplomacy and other governmental work, all of which is important. *"Manpower"* attempts to clarify some of the present employment situation. While it manages to make some cogent statements about workers and the places where they are most needed, it does little to clear up the muddled situation. The manpower question is too big to be handled by a single short; in fact each problem could easily be the subject matter for a whole feature film. The two best shorts in this series are: *"Night Shift,"* made by the British Ministry of Information and edited by O.W.I.'s Film Unit, which bristles with practical and intimate touches as it shows English working women in action on the 12 to 7 shift; *"Japanese Relocation"* which tells in an interesting, straightforward style how and why the Japanese aliens and Americans were moved inland from our West Coast. The satisfactory and humane handling of this whole difficult situation will greatly raise your respect for our governors as this first-rate short reveals this history-in-the-making episode.

Ever since last spring, we have been seeing the excellent "World in Action" series produced by the National Film Board of Canada. John Grierson, who heads this board, and Stuart Legg, who writes the commentaries and edits the film, are mainly responsible for these provocative shorts

SCREEN

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation — Rockefeller Center

A spirited, exciting, fun-filled romantic comedy . . . with two favorite stars appearing together for the first time.

GINGER ROGERS • CARY GRANT
In Leo McCarey's
"ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON"

An RKO Radio Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
Music, rhythm and dance in a gay spectacle produced by Russell Markert, with Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club and specialties, Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Erno Rapee.

First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

LECTURES

W. COLSTON LEIGH, Inc.
THE LEIGH BUREAU OF LECTURES, CONCERTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

LEIGH LECTURERS include such outstanding people as EVE CURIE, MORTIMER J. ADLER, WILLIAM AGAR, PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN, BERTITA HARDING, the Rev. FRANCIS X. TALBOT, PRINCESS PAUL SAPIEHA, BARON JOSEPH VAN DER ELST and many others.

Write for our illustrated folder listing the best people available in the Lecture, Concert and Entertainment field.

521 Fifth Avenue — New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARPER BOOKS

MARSHMALLOW. *Story and Pictures by Clare Turlay Newberry.* A stunning new book by the author of MITTENS and APRIL'S KITTENS about a cat and a little white bunny. "The pictures have that warm friendliness and humor that make Mrs. Newberry's pictures an enduring joy to young and old."—*Lena Barksdale. Doubleday, Doran Bookstore, Fifth Avenue, New York.* Twenty two-color illustrations, with a duplicate tipped in for removal and framing. Ages 4 to 8. $1.75.

THEY WENT EXPLORING. *By Arensa Sondergaard.* "With its illustrations by Cornelius DeWitt, this is indeed a welcome and inspiring book. The panoramic story covers such men as Alexander, Columbus, Livingstone, Byrd, etc."—*Virginia Kirkus.* 12 full-color pictures. Ages 7 to 11. $1.50.

THE TALL HUNTER. *By Howard Fast.* The dramatic and moving story of a follower of Daniel Boone, by the author of THE UNVANQUISHED and THE LAST FRONTIER. 15 drawings by Rafaello Busoni. Ages 10 and up. $1.75.

HARPER & BROTHERS, 49 East 33rd Street, New York

Oxford Books for Boys and Girls

THE WATER-CARRIER'S SECRETS

By Maria Cristina Chambers

A story of modern Mexico for the teen ages. There is romance and humor in the story of Juan de Dios and Dolores. The author writes with real understanding of Mexicans for she is one of them. $2.00

AWAY IN A MANGER

Selected by Jean Thoburn

A charming volume of Christmas poetry, decorated with rose and blue silhouettes. All ages will delight in this unusual selection of verse that interprets the spiritual rather than the holiday mood of the season. $1.00

Send for our catalogue of Books for Boys and Girls

Oxford University Press

114 Fifth Avenue New York City

which include such titles as "This Is Blitz," "Churchill's Island," "Food—Weapon of Conquest," "Inside Fighting China." The interesting shots are made up from newsreels, confiscated German films and new documentary shots—all carefully edited and held together by a stirring commentary. Grierson and Legg pull no punches, but call the enemy the enemy. Their latest release, *"Mask of Nippon,"* is the most powerful of the series. Its opening scenes that show Japs massacring some Chinese and burying several people alive are as horrifying as anything seen in films. Through the scenes that follow we learn how the Japanese have been preparing for this war for years, how they have hardened their bodies and minds and how they will fight on and on because they hold death lighter than a feather. The Japs are painted in such strong colors that one is somewhat suspicious of the entire film as being a propaganda hymn of hate. We must of course fight this enemy, but must we hate them so intensely? And what of after the war? Does the hatred stop then?

The new March of Time is devoted to *"The Fighting French."* Unfortunately this film is confused in portraying the situation in France during the years between 1934 and 1938, but no doubt this lack of clarity only mirrors the confusion that existed among Frenchmen themselves when they were so sure they were safe behind the Maginot Line. What the film does convey in best March-of-Time style is yesterday's situation: the efforts of the nazis to enslave a conquered people, the cooperation these conquerors were getting from the Vichy Government, the work of General de Gaulle outside of France, and the growing efforts of the Underground in France. The film applauds the courage of those Frenchmen who refused to consider their country vanquished and it emphasizes the importance of France to the United Nations. But the French themselves are the film's heroes; the script salutes them and the crucial hour that is drawing near when true Frenchmen backed by powerful Allies will "strike as one to drive the German invader forever from the soil of France."

The best film which I have seen so far about the making of a soldier is *"Private Smith of the U.S.A."* It is the first in a new series of shorts called "This Is America," and because of its general excellence gives great promise for the series. Phil Reisman, Jr., wrote an intelligent script and Slavko Vorkapich directed it with imagination and a full understanding of the uses of the motion picture camera. Most of the shots were made in a camp and with real soldiers. Smith is played by a newcomer, Bill Terry, whose plain face, unaffected charm and acting ability make him a good choice for this boy from Our Town who is drafted. Smith is perplexed and annoyed at first by the induction center and camp life. He is examined, tested, inoculated, fitted into a uniform. He seems to be running or standing in line all the time. But Smith learns how to march, shoot, keep himself and his camp clean. By the final shot in which our John Smith becomes a Private First Class, he doesn't resent being in the army or dislike his sergeant quite so much. This short is informative and human; it makes no attempt to soft-soap the unpleasant aspects of army routine; but in effective cinema it simply states that there is a job to be done and all our Private

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smiths, in spite of their typically American griping, are going to do it.

You will be amazed to see how well William Saroyan's first short caught the spirit of Saroyan. *"The Good Job"* fairly overflows with humanity's warmth and love for the little people. Saroyan wrote and directed the film. Horace McNally plays the lead who reminisces about the best job he ever had—when he was a clerk in a grocery store. Saroyan himself could be this clerk who recalls the people who came to his store: the woman who was a "lady" and who tried to steal a cantaloupe in her waist; the Greek who advises against buying a popcorn wagon because people just won't buy popcorn because it has no vitamins; the little old Spaniard who had a son, "a fine boy" who insisted on carrying his father on his shoulders to let the father know he was truly his son; the red-headed girl who came to the store to show that she looked like Ginger Rogers; the Turk who came in to buy figs; and Callahan—the little tyke who came in to look at candy—which of course the clerk would give him—and then returned to let the clerk in on a momentous secret. ("The best is licorice.") "I'll remember those people as long as I live—because remembering them, I remember you." All this is told and enacted with pleasing simplicity and without affectation. If this is a sample of what can be done with Saroyan in films, it makes one look forward with anticipation to "The Human Comedy," a feature-length Saroyan picture that is now being made. One regrets that Saroyan himself was not retained by M-G-M to assist in the production.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Convincing the Mind

Action Against the Enemy's Mind. Joseph Bornstein and Paul Milton. Bobbs. $2.50.

HERE at last, in one book, we find what many American men and women were thinking, writing, speaking and broadcasting long before America was driven to war. This is not meant as a disparagement of the authors. They do not pose as prophets. They have written contemporary history. It is too much to hope that all Americans will read it and believe. Nevertheless much of what they have written *must* become a part of our thinking if we are to preserve our civilization.

The first part of the book is historical and, as the title indicates, its chief concern is psychological warfare. It shows how France was weakened. It lays bare the lies which paved the way for the conquest of Austria, for Munich and the Blitz on Poland—lies which always reinforced beliefs people already held and helped them believe what they wanted to believe. It implies the venality of the "Great Powers" who were willing to sell the weak states down the river rather than antagonize the rich and powerful. It exposes the strength of anti-Semitism and the use Hitler made of the fear of communism to catapult himself into command. The way in which the nazis used quotations from Lindbergh and Senator Nye's report on the causes of the last war should be of particular interest to Americans. "The Danger of Optimism" is a good chapter and the emphasis on the following two points is particularly important. First, America had to be destroyed

3

FOR CHILDREN

Some seven years ago Ward said to Sheed, "We must publish some books for our children." Sheed replied, "We are not children's publishers" and his partner answered that she wanted those books anyhow! Not many, just a few. Not every kind but one special kind—books to make children's interest in God, the Church and the Saints as living as their interest in fairies and pirates. Chesterton, aged five, fell over in his excitement reciting verses his father had taught him. Catholic children from five to fifteen *can* get excited over Catholic books.

GAY LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS

by Frances Margaret Fox
Illustrated by Jill Elgin
$1.50

Readers of the author's Legends of the Christ Child will scarcely need to be told what kind of book this successor is. She never deceives: she presents her stories as legends, and the word legend means "worth reading." Her writing is invariably simple and unaffected and light-hearted. In this book we meet the Marvellous Cow of Brittany, and the Cow of St. Launomar that played Follow the Leader, the Goose to which St. Rigobert was polite, St. Roch's dog that was wiser than other dogs, the Otters that saved the life of St. Cuthbert and a good score and a half of other marvels. The illustrations are as witty as the writing. (Ages 6-9)

THE CHURCH'S PLAY

by Grace Hurrell
Ill. by Anne Pracny
$1.50

This is a new idea for teaching children the Mass. The Church, says Grace Hurrell, "makes a sort of play of the Life of Our Lord, so that we can join in and act our part in it. The Seasons—Advent, Christmas, Lent, Easter and so on—are the acts and the special feasts and fasts are the scenes." With this as a key, she takes the child-reader through the Acts and Scenes, the Masses of the principal seasons and feasts of the Church's year. This done, she examines the structure of the Mass itself, always preserving the notion of a drama. It is all wonderfully ingenious, very clear, and very gripping. (Ages 9-12)

LAD OF LIMA

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt
Ill. by Sister Jean, O.P.
$1.50

Events that have nothing to do with Blessed Martin de Porres are giving him new importance. It is clear that the old relation of White and Colored cannot continue; no one knows what changes there may be, but at least there will be changes. Catholics above all should help to shape them, and of all Catholics, the children especially should have their minds and emotions clarified and made straight. Martin de Porres was a Negro, he is beatified, and no white child will read this story of him without feeling that in comparison with Martin's moral and spiritual superiority his own lighter complexion is a mere irrelevance. (Ages 10 to 14)

Sheed & Ward, 63-5 Av. N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for Boys and Girls

BIBI, THE BAKER'S HORSE

By Anna Bird Stewart. A Corsican horse becomes a real personality. "A lovely story."—*Sister Madeleva, President, St. Mary's College, Notre Dame. Illustrated by Catherine M. Richter.* $2.00

AMAZON ADVENTURES OF TWO CHILDREN

By Rose Brown. A rich, wholesome story in which Joa and Tatu, remembered from Two *Children of Brazil,* find further adventures. *Illustrated by Ann Eshner.* $2.25

FRUITS OF THE EARTH

By Jannette May Lucas. "With provocative facts and anecdotes she does for fruits what her Where Did Your Garden Grow? did for flowers."—*N. Y. Times. Illustrated by Helene Carter.* $2.00

THE COURAGE and the GLORY

By John J. Floherty. Straight from the front come these thrilling stories of America's new heroes. *More than 50 action illustrations.* $2.25

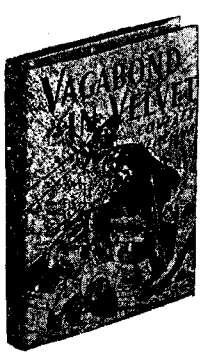
MY FRIEND FLICKA

By Mary O'Hara. "Patience, deep love, loyalty, all brilliantly illustrated in this story of a boy growing to manhood."—Joseph Cantillon, S. J., *The Herald.* $2.50

Each of these books has Catholic approval

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Philadelphia • New York



VAGABOND IN VELVET

By Covelle Newcomb

Illus. by Addison Burbank

The first full length biography of Miguel de Cervantes for young people. When they have finished this book they will ask for *Don Quixote.* All ages. $2.50

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Longmans' *illustrated* catalog tells you what you want to know: age group for every book, description of each book listed. Clip, fill in and mail this coupon on a penny postcard.

Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me a *free* copy of the new illustrated catalog
LONGMANS BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

before nazism could succeed, even in Europe—there never was any escape from that conclusion. Second, psychological warfare, like military warfare, seeks weak points to attack. It does not create issues. It widens divisions and increases tensions that already exist.

Part II deals with the divisions, the tensions, the "weak spots" in America. It hits hard. "Distorted Isolationism" is the weakest chapter in this section because, though it distinguishes between "non-interventionism" which was killed by Pearl Harbor, and "isolationism" which was not, and which therefore remains a danger, it fails to prove that isolationism is now impossible. Both sections contain chapters on anti-Semitism and both are good. Yet both fail to explain why the Jew can be used as a whipping boy in a supposedly Christian world. As a matter of fact the main weakness of the book centers around its failure to expose the evil core of nazism. But it was not intended to be philosophic, and it makes up for this failure in a measure by an excellent exposition of the use to which anti-Semitism is being put in America. "Blind Fear of Communism" is another good chapter. It emphasizes the similarity between the themes current in France and Czechoslovakia: "Rather Hitler than Léon Blum," "Better be conquered by Hitler than saved by Voroshilov," and the American Tory version, "Anything to get rid of Roosevelt."

The chapter "When is an American not an American?" contains a clear condemnation of our attitude toward Americans of Mexican origin. They happened to form a considerable part of our forces in Bataan. They were good enough to die for America but not good enough to mingle with "real" Americans at home. The Negro minority problem is treated realistically and with more vigor than usual under the title "Are we a 'Master Race' Too?" The wedges the nazis drive between us and our allies, and the Niesei problem are well stated. Capital-labor disputes are presented under the heading "Blackjack Instead of Conference."

The last two chapters explain our counterattack. They form a good ending to a good book. Yet they leave the reader longing for something more. This country is held together only by an idea. Yet this book reflects the dual fallacies that idealism is not practical and that facts force a conclusion on the mind. Idealism is the only practical thing in the world. Our enemies know it. One wishes the authors of this book had made more use of the fact when writing on psychological war. WILLIAM AGAR.

BRIEFERS

See Here, Private Hargrove. Marion Hargrove. Holt. $2.00.

The Army Life. Private E. J. Kahn, Jr., S. & S. $1.75.

OF THESE two amusing volumes the first is a leading best-seller and the second is just out. The former is the better buy for the prospective soldier; it includes more useful advice and is livelier because of occasional personal references by name to individual peculiarities. The outlook is hard to distinguish from that of an American college boy in the irresponsible twenties. Private Kahn, who published a number of his sketches in the *New Yorker,* manifests an ironic sense that is slyer. He highlights the humor of certain situations, practically ignores the identity and qualities of his comrades at arms. Both books are quite informative about life in camp, but the period they cover and the feeling they convey is distinctly pre-war. A satisfactory chronicle of the present crop of rookies is yet to be written.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Inner Forum

Laymen's Breviary

THE LITURGICAL PRESS of Collegeville, Minn., is now bringing out for general use "A Short Breviary" of less than 800 pages for the whole Christian year. It includes the Psalter, or Office for Sundays and weekdays, with the variations for Advent and the other principal seasons, the Common of Feasts, the Proper of the Season and the Proper for a number of the principal first and second class feasts of the universal Church and of the Benedictine calendar. It is simplified in form, well bound, legibly and handsomely printed. This breviary in English costs $2.85.

Matins, the night Office of the Church, is the most abbreviated in this volume; there are, in consequence, relatively few lives of the Saints and not many homilies from the Church Fathers. Renderings of the seven Day Hours are more complete. Special emphasis is given to the Proper of the Season, which begins with the Season of Advent and continues through the Time after Pentecost. The abbreviating "consists mainly in the reduction of the number of feasts, psalms and lessons." But "the important liturgical element: hymns, psalms, antiphons, readings from sacred Scripture, the Our Father, prayer of the day, versicles, responses, etc., keep 'A Short Breviary' in harmony with the Roman Breviary." A brief series of appendices give simple directions for saying the Hours in common and in private.

In the foreword to the new breviary Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, O.S.B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, says in part: "The editors of 'A Short Breviary,' mindful of the approaching fourteenth centenary of Saint Benedict's death [1943] are sending out this prayer volume in its second edition as a new reminder of the great law of our Holy Father's [Benedict's] life: *that nothing be preferred to the Work of God* (Holy Rule, chapter 43). The *Opus Dei,* the divine praises performed in common, is the most important work of monks. But the Work of God should regain its prestige also among vast numbers of the faithful who wish to fashion their piety upon the Church's official prayer life. The enthusiastic reception accorded to the first edition of this Breviary is evidence that the laity are ready to take possession of their rightful heritage. . . . The world crisis is spiritual and immeasurably graver today than a year ago. Mankind must return to God by giving Him the basic praise which is His due." We must not despair but take heart that God will cure the most desperate ills as soon as men will seek God once more.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jesse STUART, a frequent contributor of stories to THE COMMONWEAL, is the author of several books, among them "Men of the Mountains," "Trees of Heaven" and "Beyond Dark Hills." He is superintendent of the school district of Greenup, Kentucky.

William AGAR, formerly headmaster of the Newman School, Lakewood, New Jersey, and before that member of the department of geology at Columbia University, New York, is a contributing editor of THE COMMONWEAL. He is at present Educational Director of Freedom House in New York City.

An exciting gift for patriotic young Americans!

THIS pictured version of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the authors of the Caldecott medal winner *Abraham Lincoln,* gives to boys and girls and grownups, too, a new and deeper understanding of what our national anthem means to all of us. Magnificently illustrated with five-color lithographs—a big book—the perfect gift for children up to nine. $2.00

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Pictured by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire

At your bookseller's • Junior Books • Doubleday, Doran

FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PLAY — WHY THE CHIMES RANG

A Christmas one-act by Elizabeth McFadden

Has been played over seven thousand times, translated into French and Hungarian by the League of Red Cross Societies in Europe for the use of their Junior Divisions. Theme: a boy puts his heart into his good deed. Parts: 2 boys, 1 man, 2 women, 7 extras. Scene: simple interior, backed by chancel vision scene. Medieval dress. Noble music.

"I read 'Why the Chimes Rang' with great pleasure. It is very vivid, touching, and actable and I recommend it to all our acting companies in colleges and parishes."—Father John Talbot Smith, formerly Chaplain of The Catholic Actors' Guild, New York City.

HAS BEEN PLAYED OVER SEVEN THOUSAND TIMES.

Price 35 cents — Royalty: $5.00

SAMUEL FRENCH

25 W. 45th Street, New York, 811 W. 7th Street, Los Angeles

In accordance with the provisions of its accelerated program

The College of Arts and Sciences GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

will admit *new Freshman classes beginning February 1st, 1943*

A revised program permits necessary war courses along with the essential requirements for the degrees, Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Social Science. For application forms and scholarship information address, the Registrar,

College of Arts and Sciences, GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
Washington, D. C.

All applications should be submitted before January 1st, 1943 and scholarship applications before December 15th, 1942.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS CARDS

14 for $1

Orders for sample sets of Commonweal Christmas cards are now reaching the office in good numbers. Time for Christmas card gift shopping grows short.

In this sample set are cards designed by Jean Charlot, Joseph Low, Oscar Ogg, Wilbur Herbert Burnham and William and Mary Cladek. All designs are both colorful and highly appropriate for the Christmas Season.

Each set has enclosed with it a handy order form for designating the card or cards you wish to send your friends this year. On any number you order up to 500 your name will be tastefully printed for only $1 additional.

Send for your sample set today.

Commonweal Christmas Cards
386 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed $1 please send me a sample set of Commonweal Christmas cards.

Name _____

Address _____

_____1120

Educational

PREP SCHOOLS—BOYS

ALL HALLOWS

164th St. and Grand Concourse, New York City. Fronting Joyce Kilmer Park. Private day school for boys. Christian Brothers of Ireland. Primary, Grammar and High School. Chartered by Regents. Bus Service. Cafeteria. Write for Catalogue. Phone JErome 7-1930.

CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School. Conducted by Catholic Laymen. The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron. Six Years' Course. College Board Examination. Complete Modern Equipment. Twenty-seventh year. Eighty miles from New York. Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster, New Milford, Connecticut.

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island (on Narragansett Bay, 8 Miles North of Newport). Conducted by Benedictine Monks assisted by lay masters. Six years course. College preparatory. 120 acres. Every facility for sport and athletics. The Monks of this Congregation conduct Downside and Ampleforth schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland. Catalogue sent on request. For futher information apply to the Secretary, Portsmouth Priory School, Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

THE ABBEY SCHOOL

High School and Junior College. Conducted by the Benedictines for boys. Canon City, Colorado. 7 miles from the Royal Gorge and 40 miles from Pike's Peak. High scholastic standards. Complete program of athletics. 1,200 acre ranch, with horseback riding. Address the Rector.

COLLEGES—WOMEN—MIDWEST

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Confers B.A., B.A. in L.S., B.M., B.S. degrees. In addition to Liberal Arts subjects, Majors are offered in Art, Music, Speech, Home Economics and Library Science. Library School accredited by the American Library Association.

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

Winona, Minnesota. For the Higher Education of Catholic Women. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing. A standardized Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection with the college. Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400." Only five hours ride from Chicago. Address the Secretary.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For Information Address the Registrar.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TRINITY COLLEGE

Washington, D. C. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Beautifully located in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic University. Incorporated under the Laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars, address the Registrar of the College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED